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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1887.

EVENING EDITION.

PRICE ONE CENT.

WHITTIER EIGHTY YEARSOLD

GIFTS POURING IN ON THE BELOVED POET OF FREEDOM.

The Memorial of the Essex Club, Signed by Many Distinguished Statesmen, Was Presented To-Day-How Mr. Whittier Appears and Lives in the Quaint Old Town Danvers-Loved By School Children.

[APECIAL TO THE WORLD,] DANVERS, Mass., Dec. 17 .- John G. Whittier, the most American poet, is eighty years

old to-day. The anniversary is being observed appropriately in many parts of the coun try, but probably not so generally anywhere as in Boston and in some of the ancient towns of Essex County, where the Laureate of Freedom was born and

has always lived. The event was called to the attention of the whole continent some weeks ago by the Essex Club, which had met at the Revere House forthe purpose of discussing the political situation from the Republican standpoint. It was just after the Massachusetts elections, and in view of the Republican triumph it was in order to take a retrospective view of the party's work.

There is no one in the party who could do this so effectively as Senator Hoar, and that distinguished gentlemen was present by invitation of Dr. George B. Loring, President of the Club, who, like the Senator, is an intimate friend of the poet and a warm admirer of his genius. While the glories of the party in general were being talked about the glories of that section of the party which dominates Essex County were discussed in particular. and this led Senator Hoar to consider the influence which the Poet Whittier had exerted over the county, the State and the nation. For an impromptu address the eulogy was a remarkably brilliant effort, and it so impressed the company that it was decided at once that the approaching anniversary should be fittingly commemorated.

The President appointed a committee to take the matter in hand, and it was soon decided that a memorial letter should be sent to the aged poet to-day. This letter was drafted by President Loring; and Senator Hoar volunteered to secure the signatures of all the members of the United States Senate all the members of the United States Senate and as many as possible of the signatures of prominent members of Congress and leading Federal office-holders. This promise he kept faithfully, and the letter was duly presented to Mr. Whittier to-day. It is very beautifully engrossed, and was handed to the poet in the form of an elegant book, in which was printed also the eulogy of Senator Hoar delivered at the dinner of Nov. 12.

THE MEMORIAL LETTER. The letter is as follows:

The letter is as follows:

ESSEX COUNTY, Dec. 17, 1887.

DEAR MR. WHITTIER: The ESSEX Club, composed of citizens of your native county, in connection with your countrymen throughout the Union, distret to extend to you an expression of their respect and esteem on the anniversary of your birth. The eighty years if your life which are now completed are full of great events. American mationality, American iterature have risen during these years to a comma ding position in the world. And to no man does our country owe more than to yourself, whose purity of life and high purpose, and faith in humanity, and devoiton to the right, and confidence in the people, and faith in humanity, and devoiton to the right, and confidence in the people, and fidelity to your friends, and true in God, have inspired your genius and controlled your conduct. While we express our gratitude for your brithant accomplishment, we congratulate you on the career over watch you can now turn your back and look; and pray that your old age may be as peaceful and happy as your life has been radiant and useful. With sentiments of affection and regard.

Generge R. Loring, President, H. P. Frye, Vice-President, H. P. Frye, Vice-President, Some Of the Signatures.

SOME OF THE SIGNATURES. The letter was also signed by sixty members of the club; by Gov. Ames and the members of the club; by Gov. Ames and the members of his council, and by associate State officials; by the judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; by all the ex-governors of the Commonwealth; by the members of the United States Senate; by many members of the House of Representatives; by the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, and by Hon. George Bancroft and many of other distinguished men of the nation. The address of Senater Hore; is given in fall and by Hon. George Bancrott and many of other distinguished men of the nation. The address of Senator Hoar is given in full. That portion which relates to Mr. Whittier was introduced with those words: "I don't see how anybody can meet an assembly of Essex men without thinking of the great shrines of freedom that Essex County has within its borders."

The sulegy concluded with the suggestion

othin its borders."
The eulogy concluded with the suggestion thich led to this memorial action being aken, and the suggestion was couched in the following language: "John G. Whittier ne following language: "John G. Whittier to reach his eightieth birthday on the 17th is to reach his eightieth birthday on the 17th of next December, and it seems to me the American people of a million households where he sits hours by the fireside as an honored guest, the race whom he has helped to lift out of slavery, the men and women whose most pure and simple pleasure has been the reading of his verses, ought in some way to combine and make their love and devotion known to him. At the same time, it seems to me, that it is the place of the Essex Club, every one of whose members he would delight to call his friend and disciple, to initiate some measure to have this expression."

tiate some measure to have this expression. MANY GIFTS TO THE POET. It would be superfluous to state that this ster was not the only one of congratulation

which the poet has received to day. From persons prominent in literature and from many in the less conspicuous walks of life they have been pouring in upon him. One of the prettiest was from his publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Missin & Co., whose congratulations were accompanied with a gift. The poet looks but little older than he did at seventy. Though naturally of a frail approximate and always the reverse of robust, he which the poet has received to-day, persons prominent in literature and pearance, and always the reverse of robust, he has wintered and summered the changeable New England climate without having suffered much from its severities. His disposition is as kindly in his old age as it was in the spring-time of life, and in the young he has ever taken the warmest personal interest. From many whose struggling efforts to gain eminence in the world of letters he encouraged he has received expressions of gratefulness and good will to-day. The answers will be a reflection of that genial and winning epistolary style which won him many a fast friend in the years agone. much from its severities. His disposition is

MR. WHITTIER'S HEALTH. Mr. Whittier's birthplace is but a few miles Mr. Whittier's birthplace is but a few miles from his residence at Amesbury, but now the poet is staying with his relatives at Oak Knoll in this quiet town, to which he is deeply attached. Though aged and somewhat hard of hearing, the poet looks as he did when his appearance was described by his biographer, Mr. Kennedy. When he was wintering for the last time in Boston the

writer enjoyed the pleasure of an interview with him, and then the poet was complaining of the climate and expressed the belief that his constitution could not much longer stand the tax imposed upon it. But to-day he looks as well as he did then, and his health is not the cause of anxiety among his close friends. THE POET OF LIBERTY.

THE POET OF LIBERTY.

"As a boy," wrote his biographer, "Whittier grew up slender, delicate and shy, with dark hair and blue eyes; his nature silent and brooding, gentle, compassionate, religious and sensitive to the beauty of the external world. He is of the nervous temperament, and in health has never been robust. Indeed, later in life the state of his health was often precarious and his plans for work have been atthe mercy of his nerves." Latterly, however, Mr. Whittier has done but little writing and the rest may have been conducive to an improvement in his general health. It is true that "the fixed sadness of time" is impressed upon his face. But still, at eighty, as you converse with him his countenance is irradiated by a sudden smile, sweet and strange and full of benignity. As Mr. Kennedy describes it, "like a waft of perfume from a bed of white violets, or a glint of rich sunshine on an April day." As he walks about Danvers he salutes with a little jerky bow those whom he meets. A long residence has made him acquainted with almost everybody, and he might, therefore, very properly be somewhat economical of exertion in his salutations, but his abrubt bow is really the expression of that unbending rectitude and noble pride in individual freedom that made him the reformer and poet of liberty. him the reformer and poet of liberty.

LOVED BY THE CHILDREN. The anniversary has already been celebrated The anniversary has already been celebrated in many of the public schools, for Mr. Whittier was no less a friend of the children than was Mr. Longfellow. The pupils took up one or more of the poems of the man of to-day for thoughtful consideration. One of the pleasantest of these exercises took place at the Chauncey Hall School Wednesday, Tonight the Women's Educational Union will devote two or three hours to the consideration of the poet and his poems.

STOLE CHICKENS FOR FREE LUNCH.

How Saloon-Keeper Fix Furnished His Cus tomers With Excellent Food.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 17 .- A special from Reading to the Times, says: For the past several years James Fix has been proprietor of the South End Saloon, a well-known drinking place in the southern section of the city. He drew a large custom by reason of the very excellent and elaborate free lunches he set out to his customers. He did this regardless of expense, and people often wondered how he could possibly afford it. These lunches

he could possibly afford it. These lunches invariably consisted of chicken in half a dozen different styles.

Then the question arose in the mind of some one as to where Fix got his chickens; no one knew that he had ever purchased any. This led to an investigation and finally to his arrest on the charge of receiving stolen goods, it having been alleged that he employed parties to steal chickens. This proved to be a fact. The trial of the case was concluded to-day and Fix was found guilty.

Stephen Wynn, one of the many parties who had chickens stolen, was the prosecutor, and he testified that one night he lost fourteen fine Plymouth Rocks. The next day Fix advertised a grand chicken lunch. Jesse Smith went on the stand and testified that Fix filled him and John Fry full of whiskey and then sent them out to steal chickens.

Fix was convicted and Judge Ermentrout sent him to jail until March, when he will be sentenced. An immense amount of poultry has recently been stolen in the vicinity of sentenced. An immense amount of poultry has recently been stolen in the vicinity of

For a hearty laugh read " Bill Nye as a Hedical Adviser" in the Sunday World. Only three cents.

FINANCIER IVES WINS.

Justice Kilbreth Decides That He Didn't Steal the \$100,000 Check.

Judge Kilbreth sat almost alone in the Special bustle at the door announced the arrival of the interested parties in the Henry S. Ives case.

They came to hear Judge Kilbreth's decision a to the complaint of the larceny of a \$100,000 check made against Ives by President Julius Dexter, of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad. The young Napoleon and his bevy of powerful friends sat insite the ralling while Stenographer Seltman read the testimony of Thursday's exam-

ination.

Ives was dressed with unusual care and looked

mony.

He did it with a bold flourish, and all gathered in front of the bar to hear the Judge's decision.

There was breatnies, su pense for a few moments, and then Judge Klibrich said:

"There being no sufficient cause to believe the defen ant, lieury S. Ives, guilty of the offense charged I order his discharge."

There was a faint cheer, and I ves broke into a gente lond.

quiet laugh,
... Ca s h s chauged his name from George Cass "'Ca s h s changed his name from George Cass to Jack Cass," "ne said to has friends. Mr. Adams said he had already begun an an action against President Dexter in the Supreme Court for \$100,000 dama, es for the malicious prose-cution of Ives.

Died on Her Way from Church.

Mrs. Sarah Regan, of 217 East Fifty-third street. attended the Cathedral last evenine, and on her way home about 10 o'clock she became suddenly sick at Thirty-third street and Third avenue. A stretcher was sent for to take her to Fifty-first Street Police Station, but she died before she reached there. The cause of her death was near there. The cause of her death was hear lier body was reclaimed by her friend

Capture of a Fugitive Murderer. Richard Warren, who was sentenced to prison for ten years for man-laughter at white Plains,

ant who, being released on ball rending appeal, ned, was arrested last evening at the house of histor in Broodyn and was turn dover to S. er. of Dudy, of Westchester C. unty, to-day. His sentence was affirmed by the Court of Appeals a year

Nina Says They Wanted to Hang Her.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]
CHICAGO, Dec. 17.—Niha Van Zandr-Spies has written another letter, in which she charges that the advisability of hanging herself and Mrs. Parsons was discussed at a carouse by the Chizens' Association tools, meaning Judge Gary and the State's Attorney, the night after the hanging of the

> A Brakeman's Body Cut in Two. INDECIAL TO THE WORLD. 1

NEW BRUNSWICE, Dec. 17. - John Shane, aged twenty-four years, of Millstone, a brakeman for extra freight train No. 29, fell between the cars at 10 o'clock last right near Metuchen and was in-stantly killed, his body being cut in two.

Frau Niemann-Raabe's Arrival. Frau Hedwig Niemann-Raabe, who will open her two weeks' engagement at the S'ar Theatre on Jan. 2, will arrive on the steamship Eider to-day and will stop at the Windsor Hotel.

A Matter of Interest. Do not neglect to read "The Witch's Prophecy, which begins in No. 48 of the New York Ledger Out to-day. For sale at all news-stands.

E. BERRY WALL'S MARRIAGE

DUDEDOM SURPRISED, PAINED, PLEASED BY THE NEWS FROM BALTIMORE.

Vho Will Succeed to the Throne of the King of the Dudes?-He Was Married in Brown Trousers and a Black Cutaway-Col. Ochiltree Hears the Tidings-Bob Hilliard Said to be Out of the Race.

Two gentlemen strolled into the Hoffman House early this morning and walked with the easy gait of boundless leisure into the reading-room.

One of these gentlemen was Col. Thomas P. Ochiltree, fresh for the work of a new day, and carefully clad. The other was a tall, well-built young fellow, with blond hair and mustache, and clothes faultlessly fitting, suggestive of the only Poole. He wore an eye-glass, which looked as if it had been irrevocably rivetted to his eye.

Col. Ochiltree took up a copy of THE WORLD and cast his lynx eye carelessly over its columns. His friend, whose eyeglass seemed to act as an obstacle to newspaper reading, threw a leg over the arm of his chair and twisted his mustache-an intellectual effort that evidently caused him no trouble,

Suddenly Ochiltree uttered an exclamation of surprise, the newspaper dropped from his hands, his eyes rolled, his face flushed in an alarmingly apoplectic manner, and no one could have beheld him without emotion.
"Tom!" said his friend. "Speak, old Tom!" said his friend.
! What is it?"

man! What is it?"

The Colonel groaned.
"Oh, Brock," he began. His voice was too thick to continue.
"Why, oh, why, Tom, did you eat that whole porterhouse this morning?"

Col. Ochiltres had by this time recovered.
"Look there," he said loudly, pointing to THE WORLD. "Look, I say," his hand shaking as he pointed. "I am a friend of that man and see what he's gone and done! The boss of society, the fellow whose name is in the public prints day after day, the cynosure of all eyes, has gone and—pshaw!—married!"
"Brock" took up the paper and read the head-line: "The 'King of the Dudes' Married."

"Tell me all about it, Brock," murmured Ochiltree. "I'm too weak to read it."
The man with the monocle took up the

Conlitree. "I'm too weak to read it."

The man with the monocle took up the paper.

"Let's see," he began. "The bride is Miss Salome Melbourne, of Washington (deuced pretty girl, I remember her myself). Wall wore brown trousers, black cutaway coat, white waistcoat and low hat." Well. if that isn't a rig out for Berry! Brown trousers and black cutaway—good heavens! It's easy to see he's about finished his reign of dudeism. Tom," with evident envy in his tones, "I always thought Berry's good taste was exaggerated. Just think of brown trousers and a black cutaway!"

"Oh, go on with the news," interposed Ochiltree.

"The bride wore a long sealskin coat, a coquettish travelling hat and a pair of violet eyes. They got into a coupé from the St. James Hotel, called for Winslow Williams at the Maryland Club-House, drove to the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, paid the office rent, went to his residence, obtained a license and proceeded to the house of the Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, who married them, after which they returned to the St. James Hotel. dined, telegraphed to Mrs. Charles Wall and Mrs. Melbourne and left for Washington."

"Ah," said Col. Ochiltree, sighing. "sie

Charles Wall and Mrs. Melbourne and left for Washington."

"Ah," said Col. Ochiltree, sighing, "sic transit—Brock, lef's have a drink."

In the barroom, within half an hour, there were at least nine young men all full of the news of Berry Wall's marriage. They were evidently elated. It is a well-known fact that the reign of the King of the Dudes, like that of other kings, has often been menaced by insurrection. Why should Wall monopolize public attention, by Jove, when there are dozens of men who dress as well? We like Wall, dontchernow, but his friends are making an ass of him. Such sentiments as these

ing an ass of him. Such sentiments as these have long been prevalent.

Berry Wall has now retired. The resignation of Grévy from the French Presidency was certainly not half as interesting to the jounesse dorée of this city as that of Mr. Wall. His future, as a married man, will be absolutely uninteresting, from a sartorial standpoint, at any rate.

Said one of these Hoffman House Daniels, "Wall won't care a fig now whether his tie is pink or yellow—what married man does? He won't be able to spend so much time at his tailor's—his wife might think he was somewhere else. Oh! what a fool to marry and blight his prospects—and such prospects!

somewhere else. Oh! what a fool to marry and blight his prospects—and such prospects! We've heard the last of Berry."

"I tell you, old man, when I was in London this summer I sickened every time I went into Poole's to hear 'Mr. Wall had just ordered trousers of this cloth,' 'Mr. Wall is going to have a coat made in this style,' and so on advanced as the year. Now we can so on, ad nauseam, as they say. Now we can say, 'Ichabod, his glory hath departed,' ha! ha! ha!"

Thus was levity awakened at the news of Berry Wall's wedding, A gentleman from Washington came into the hotel later and he

Berry Wail's wedding. A gentleman from Washington came into the hotel later and he was pounced upon for information, of which, of course, he had little.

"I wasn't surprised," he said, "to hear of his marriage. He had been very attentive to Miss Melbourne, who is a clerk in the Adjutant-General's office. She has a sister named Blanche. Oh, yes, they are both pretty girls and very well dressed. Blanche lives in London, where she married, but she is often in Washington.

In the neighborhood of the Bijou Opera-House the discussion of Berry Wall's marriage called for a great deal of incidental talk about Robert C. Hilliard. It is thought extremely unlikely that he will be renominated for the office vacated by Mr. Wall. Bob Hilliard has dropped out of notice since his "affaire" with Mrs, Langtry. He went to Boston a short time ago, and there he was said to have tried his hand at reciting. His former hau its knew him no more. He is not the Hilliard that he once was.

The Chin se Gamblers of New York and thei Games: a complete victure of the seamy side of Most street, will be described in THE WORLD to

Panic and Fire Caused By An Explosion.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Dec. 17.—During an exhibition of stereopticon views at Liberty Hall, Georgetown, last evening, an explosion of chemicals took place, making a loud report and shaking the building. It was heard quite a distance away. Flames art the building on fire, but they were extinguished before the arrival of the Fire Department. A panic ensued among the audience. Order was finally restored and no one was seriously injured. The accident was caused by some mismanagement in using the magic lantern.

While Hugh Higgins was stringing wire to-day at One Hundre! and Twenty-ninth stree!, a Third avenue car become entangle! In the wire and Higgins was pulled off the pole, failing thirty feet. He was seriously injured.

Iron Breaks Stone. PAIN PAINT .

FATHER RIORDAN'S FUNERAL.

The Cathedral Crowded with Mourners for the Good Priest.

Father John Riordan, the Apostle of the Emigrants, was buried this morning with all the respect that could be given to honored virtue. The solemn office of the dead was sung by hundreds of the clergy, the requiem mass was given with great magnificence, priests from every parish in New York City and scores from the neighboring suburbs, together with hundreds of the laity, thronged the immense white-walled cathedral and stood patiently in the aisles after the seating

capacity of the edifice was exhausted. Such a tribute of respect for such virtue is the greatest glory that can shed its splendor on the dead!

the greatest glory that can shed its splendor on the dead!

At 9.15 the choristers, antiphonarii and numbers of the clergy streamed from the sacristy and took their places in the front seats, which had been reserved for them.

The remains of Father Riordan were in an open casket, placed on a catafalque and surrounded with tapers. The catafalque was placed in the middle of the main aisle over the sanctuary railing, with the head of the dead priest pointed toward the high altar.

He was vested in amice, alb, cincture, stole, maniple and chasuble, with his black beretta on his head and his hands clasping a gold chalice. The placid form seemed ready to mount the altar steps and offer the sacrifice once more for the poor emigrant girls.

But Father Riordan was now the object of the prayers of others, and the versicles of the

But Father Riordan was now the object of the prayers of others, and the versicles of the psalms rose in throbbing, deprecating strains up to heaven, while the sunlight, freighted with delicate color from the jewelled windows high up in the sanctuary walls, fell softly on his face.

At 10 the officials of the mass, the clergy and the altar boys filed solemnly forth into the sanctuary to begin the mass of requiem. Archbishop Corrigan, robed in a cape of black silk embroidered in gold and wearign a snowy mitre, closed the procession.

The Kyrie Eleison of Cherubini's lovely mass floated through the lofty groined arches as the Archbishop crossed himself at the foot of the altar.

The offertory was the Domine Jesu Christe,

mass floated through the lofty groined arches as the Archbishop crossed himself at the foot of the altar.

The offertory was the Domine Jesu Christe, of Werner. The choir in the organ loft was a double quartet. Miss F. A. Stewart and Miss Marie Groebel, and Mr. Charles Kaiser sustained the principal parts, and Mr. W. F. Pescher was organist.

At the closs of the mass the final absolutions were pronounced and the remains were transported to Calvary Cemetery, where they will be interred in the Priests' Lot.

The pall-bearers were Messrs. Joseph I. Dresel, L. Callanan, Francis H. O'Neil, H. J. Jackson (Superintendent of the Bureau of Emigration), William Connolly, Peter McDonnell, Michael Hicks, John Rogers, Hugh O'Donnell, Peter Dalton, John Dollard, Daniel Mooney and Joseph J. O'Donoghue.

In the sanctuary on the Gospel side sat Bishop Conroy, Bishop O'Farrell, Mgr. Farley and Mgr. Preston. Over two hundred of the clergy attended, Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits and secular priests and a large body of the Sisters of Charity.

Mrs. Riordan, the mother of the deceased priest, was in a seat near the catafalque.

Among others present were Mrs. Drexel, Miss Delmonico, Roger MoSweeney, Michael Giblin, Vice-President of the Home Rule Club; School Commissioner Moriarty, Major O'Shaughnessey, District-Atorney Martine, Henry D. Purroy, Lawrence Goulden, John H. Spellman, Lawyer McGeen, Charles Underwood O'Connell.

The Bureau of Emigration attended in a body, and St. Vincent de Paul's Society, the Catholic Knights and the Holy Name Society were all represented.

SHE THREW WATER-HE USED A WHIP. A Connecticut Citizen in Jail for Vigorously Chastising a Woman.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.] MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Dec. 17.-Robert S. Mitchell, a well-known citizen of Portland, Conn , who is now serving a sentence in Pameacha Jail for horse-whipping Mrs. Sarah

etween these two persons. Not long ago between these two persons. Not long ago Mitchell, while out driving with his wife, stopped to let his horse drink at a public watering-trough, located near Mrs. Meigrs's residence in Portland. Seeing her old foe she took a large pail and went to the trough. She dipped up a pailful of water and drenched the horse with it, but, not being satisfied with that, she took another pailful and threw it over Mitchell and his wife.

Thereupon Mitchell grabbed his whip, and, jumping out of the carriage, dealt the precocious Mrs. Meigs a blow over the head. She then hopped over a fence, followed by

She then hopped over a fence, followed by Mitchell, who administered to her a terribly vigorous horsewhipping.
She immediately instituted legal proceed.

ings against him, and he was sentenced Mitchell is daily visited by a large number of admiring friends, and he is constantly receiving baskets of flowers and supplies of

ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THE VERDICT. The Jury in the Mrs. Robinson Polsoning Case Not Yet Heard From.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.] CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Dec. 17 .- The Supreme Court-room is crowded this morning. The

jury in the Robinson poisoning case has been closeted all night, and at 11.30 o'clock this this morning no signs of an agreement had been reached.

been reached.

Newspaper bulletins are being watched with intense interest by a motley crowd of citizens. No case within the annals of crime in this State has so stirred up the commu-Opinion is divided on what the verdict will

be. Some say there will be a verdict of acquittal, others contend that the jury will disagree, while the majority believe that the woman will be convicted of murder in the

A Sophomore In ane from Over-Study. [SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]
MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Dec. 17.—John R. Hen-

shaw, a prominent member of the Sophomore class at Wesleyan University, is now confined at the State Insane Asylum in this city, a victim of overstudy. He was taken ill several weeks ago and went to his home in Suffield, Cone. The first suspicion that his mind was deranged study. was noticed one afternoon when he was watching the Weslyan football team plry a practice game. He stood wringing his hands in an agonizing manner, and said he was trying to solve a problem which would enable the team to beat any cleven in America.

Mr. Powderly Much Better.

[SCHANTON, Pa., Dec. 17.—General Master Workman Powderly has been improving steadily since expected by his household and physician. There has not been the slightest unfavorable reaction, and it is believed that at the present progress of improvement Mr. Powderly will be able to sit up in bed to-morrow. yesterday afternoon and is doing better than was

ROCHESTER LAMP Headquarters, 25 Warren st. and

James P. Foster Elected President of the Republican League.

Sherman Men Strive to Form a Combine to Beat Blaine.

Plans of Ohlo Delegates Upset by a Letter from Chauncey M. Depew Declining to be a Candidate-New York and Michigan Unite With the Buckeyes and Win-Loudon Snowden Withdraws His Name-Apostles of Protection and Prohibition of Hand-A Motion to Table the Lamar Resolutions Declared Carried by Mr. Evarts After a Close Vote-Adjourned.

The third round and wind-up of the great battle between James G. Blaine and John Sherman took place to-day.

In the battle up to this point Blaine had much the best of it, although Sherman drew first blood in the selection of a temporary chairman.

This advantage was only temporary, howver, and from that point Blaine butted and pounded his opponents unmercifully, till the spirit was about knocked out of Sherman when time was called for the wind-up at Chickering Hall at 11.10 this morning.

When the convention of Republican clubs eassembled, they had got a glimmering of what would be the style of fighting adopted by their opponents, but were not quite de-cided how to meet it. They cancused in little groups prior to the reopening of the convention, but were reticent as to what

convention, but were reticent as to what they would do.

Last night they were ready to endorse Chauncey M. Depew for President of the National League, but when Mr. Depew's de-clination was received, coupled with the an-nouncement that the Blaineites had decided to name Col. A. Loudon Snowdon, Pennsyl-vania's personification of Blaineism, the Ohio men were at sea. Ohio men were at sea. MR. DEPEW'S LETTER.

Mr. Depew's letter of declination was as

No. 2 East Forty-Fifth Street, No. 2 East Forty-Fifth Street, New York, Dec. 16, 1887.

My Dear Mr. Ecarts:
I have just received the delegram informing me that the New York Club has voted to present my name for President of the National League.
The great work of organizing for the coming campaign requires for the position the degree of care and attention which will fully occupy the time of the executive officer.
It would be impossible for me, if elected, to properly perform the responsible duties of so important a place.
While I profoundly appreciate the great compilment paid me by the New York Club, and hope in some less conspicuous way to prove it in the next canvass, I must, through you, request them to make some other selection. Yours truly,
Chauncer M. Deprew.
The Ohio men felt that they had been

The Ohio men felt that they had been driven around the ring long enough by their enemies, and would be glad of any opportunity which might offer for a bolt—in short

tunity which might offer for a bolt—in short for "anything to beat Blaine."
They knew, too, that despite the clamor for Blaine, by the New York men, there was a large minority who were locking anxiously for some chance which would force Blaine out of consideration for 1888.
They suspected that many of the New Yorkers now shouting for the European tourist will knife him if he be nominated at Chicago next June. at Chicago next June.

LOOKING FOR A CANDIDATE. For an hour before the convention was called to order there was going on quietly a movement to create a spontaneous demovement to create a "spontaneous de-mand" for Gen. Nathan Goff, of West Virginia, who has shone forth during the con-vention as a forceful, earnest speaker.

Ohio men were at the bottom of it, though, as usual, the Ohio delegation was divided. A

as usual, the Ohio delegation was divided. A large half of the men were still undecided and in the situation of Micawber—waiting

and in the situation of Micawber-waiting for something to turn up.

Something seemed to turn up presently, for overtures were made to them by the New Yorkers for a union upon James P. Foster, President of the New York Republican Club, for the place.

It was proposed that Michigan should unite with Ohio and New York to beat the Pennsylvanians, and for a few minutes the Ohioans showed a lively interest in life.

Foster was believed to be of the class who are Blaine men only because they have not are Blaine men only because they have not yet seen a chance to drop the Maine man for

MAHLON CHANCE ON HAND. Mahlon Chance, the great apostle of protection, who has been active for some months in organizing Protection Leagues throughout this city, was on hand this morning with distributors of copies of a small protection tract bearing the title "The Vital Question."

Young men from the Manhattan Temperance Association presented to each delegate a pamphlet urging political action for prohibi-tion and arraigning the Republican party for its inaction in the premises.

EVARTS RESUMES THE GAVEL. Caucussing was over, and the delegates had exhausted all themes half an hour before the convention was called to order, and that time was spent as the gallery gods spend the time between the acts at a Bowery theatre. They stamped, clapped their hands, yelled They simped, clapped their hands, yelled "Time!" gave cat-calls and emitted earpiereing whistles, until President W. Maxwell Evarts finally quit in the midst of a word which he was uttering in the ear of the Senator from New Hampshire, grabbed his gavel and rapped the gathering into silence.

The handsome Reading Secretary, E. A. Summer, of Minnesota, as the first business of the day announced in his big, full, reso-nant voice that the Pennsylvania delegation would meet in the ball after the morning seson to organize a State League, VICE-PRESIDENTS AND COMMITTEEMEN.

Then the chairmen of the State delegations announced the result of the elections held last evening, in which each State was given by its delegation a Vice-President of the National League and a member of the Na-State be referred back to the State for his State be referred back to the State for his State for hi

future action.

Samuel R. Lowry, the colored man who has represented the State of Alabama in the convention, asked that the convention direct him in the matter. He did not feel like appointing himself to all the offices.

The following is the list of Vice-Presidents

Well Worth Knowing. By all means read No. 45 of the New York Ledger, containing the first chapters of "The Witch's Propisecy." Out to-day. For sale at all news-stands.



THE KING DUDE ABDICATES. Berry Wall Exchanges His Throne for

selected and the Executive Committee for the ensuing year:

Arizona. Robt.E. Morrison. A. L. Morrison. Connecticut. E. B. Bennett. Jas. A. Haworth. Delaware. Jos. R. Whittaker. Edw. Mitcheli, jr. Hillnois. D. H. Hammer. Wm. W. Tracy. ndiana. Robt, Fullerton. J. S. Parkson, Jas. W. Hamilton, Jas. G. Slonecker,

Kentucky Alex. R. Pearson. Aug. E. Wilson.
Loutsiana Double State .Alex. R. Pearson. Aug. E. Wilson

Mr. Evarts then announced the most important business of the day—the selection of a President of the League. He called for nominations and the delegates began a hum

NOMINATIONS FOR PRESIDENT.

nominations and the delegates began a hum of conversation.

L. A. Simons, of New York, placed Mr. James P. Foster, President of the Republican Club of this city, in nomination.

Congressman Goff, of West Virginia, arose in the right gallery and delivered a spreadeagle speech, nominating Col. A. London Snowden, of Philadelphia. He paid a high tribute to Col. Snowden.

"He is a delegate to this convention," shouted Congressman Goff, "and when he rises to address it so does Pennsylvania."

Delegate Gay, of Minnesota, nominated Congressman Goff, and there was a great deal of enthusiasm and cries of "Goff," Congressman Goff in a few words, declined the compliment and requested the gentle-

Congressman Goff in a few words, declined the compliment and requested the gentleman from Minnesota, to withdraw his name. Delegate Gsw did so.

Mr. Mott, of New Jersey, seconded the nomination of Mr. Foster. He said that Mr. Foster originated the idea of having a convention of Republican clubs.

W. F. Yardley, a colored delegate from Tennessee, jumped up from his seat in the gallery and asked for recognition.

Mr. Yardley began a flowery cration in which he kept referring to the Ohio River and the great States of Tennessee and Ohio.

"A negro is always safe when he is across the Ohio Kiver," he said.

"I came here." continued Yardley, "to vote for the best man for the head of the League. In my opinion Gov. Foster, of Ohio, is the "— SOME OTHER POSTER.

The colored brother's voice was here lost The colored brother's voice was here lost in the great laughter that broke out.

The delegate discovered that he had mistaken Mr. James P. Foster, the nominee for President of the League, for Gov. Foster, of Ohio, and the dusky Tennessean had taken up ten minutes seconding what he believed was Gov. Foster's nomination ter's nomination.

Andrew J. Lester, of Illinois, thought that New York was entitled to the Presiency of the League. He favored the election of James P. Foster.

City Solicitor Charles Warwick, of Philadelphia, blundered in seconding the nomination of Col. Sn. wden. While he was speaking Mr. Beveridge, of Tennessee, interrupted bits.

I am not through " velled Warwick "I am not through." yelled Warwick.
"I intended to second the nomination of your candidate," answered Beveridge.
"I do not need a second," was the retort.
"I can fight my own battle."

'I do not wish to second you," remarked veridge. "I wish to second the nomina-"I do not wish to second you," remarked Beveridge. "I wish to second the nomina-tion of Gen. Snowden."
"I misunderstood you," ejeculated War-wick, amid cries of "oh, oh!" and "you put your foot in it." Ex-Congressman Horr, of Michigan, made the New York and Ohio men yell with de-light when he announced Mr. Foster as his choice.

hoice. Beveridge, of Virginia, caused everybody to laugh when he began a Snowden speech with "I come from the land of flowers," He came to a full stop after boasting that James G. Blaine could sweep the Old Do-

Congressman Houck, of Tennessee, was for New York and Foster. FOSTER ELECTED UNANIMOUSLY. Col. Snowden walked down the centre atsie. He said he was put in nomination against his desire. He then asked that his name be withdrawn. Finally Mr. Foster was unianmously elected

minion.

After Mr. Foster had made the conventional speech of thanks and the "bloody shirt" resolution against Mr. Lamar's appointment to the Supreme Court was tabled, the Convention adjourned sine die.

He Fired at the Thief. William H. Fridar, of 89 Stuyvesant avenue, Brooklyn, reports to the police that about 9 o'clock last night some man entred the stable at the rear of his reastence and stole a set of harness. Mr. Fri-day's stableman fired three is one at the thief, who

dropped the harness and made his escape, Andrew Carnegie Resigns. Andrew Carn gle has resigned from the Ninsteenth Century Club, "His resignation is due to the criticisms where Cortiand Palmer made concerning his remarks at a recent meeting of the

The Great Family Paper. Miss Laura Jean Libbey's great story is published in the New York FAMILY STORY PAPER; also "My Plucky Boy Tom, "by P. I. Saroum; out to-day. Ask for the FAMILY STORY PAPER."

LASTEDITION

DEATH FOLLOWS A PRAYER

NELLIE SOUTHWICK FOUND DEAD WITH A BULLET IN HER BREAST.

Robert Montgomery, a Salesman, Under Ara rest on Suspicion of Having Murdered Her-A Quarrel Over a Pawned Diamond Ring-Montgomery's Explanation of the Tragedy-What Dr. Scholer Thinks.

Handsome Nellie Southwick, once a jolly village girl of Glens Falls, N. Y., lies dead in the Twentieth street police station, with a revolver bullet in her left breast.

Robert Montgomery, a salesman for the ordan L. Mott Iron Works, of 88 Beekman street, is under arrest in the same stationiouse on suspicion of having murdered her. Montgomery rented the second floor front coom of 255 West Twenty-first street from

Peter Milburn last April. In July Nellie Southwick came to live with him as his wife. She set up in business as a dressmaker, and did her share towards her own support. did her share towards her own support.

She was a plump and prepossessing woman, about twenty-five years of age. She had thick, brown hair, gray eyes and a plump and pleasing figure. Montgomery is an ordinary looking man thirty-six years of age.

Montgomery passed the woman off as his wife to such friends as he met. They lived together happilly and contentedly until a few days ago, when Montgomery asked the young woman what had become of a diamond ring that he had given her. He charged her with having pawned it.

woman what had become of a diamond ring that he had given her. He charged her with having pawned it.

They had some words about the matter and then dropped the subject altogether.

Last evening Montgomery renewed his charges about the ring.

The voung woman cried bitterly, and acknowledged that she had pawned the ring for the purpose of getting money enough to buy him a handsome Christmas present. She had some of her own earnings to put with the money received from the ring.

At about 7.30 o'clock last evening Montgomery, who usually spent his evenings at home, went out to several saloons, where he drank a quantity of whiskey. He returned home at midnight to find Nellie sound asleep. He then went to bed. This is Montgomery's story as told by himself.

In the early gray of the morning Peter Milburn, who was watching by the bedside of a sick child, saw a dim shape near the northeast corner of the back yard. He called to his brother-in-law, Samuel Swayne, a Greenpoint gasfitter, and asked him to see what it was.

Swayne went downstairs and out into the

was,
Swayne went downstairs and out into the yard. In the dim light he found Nellie Southwick lying there dead, with a bullet hole in her left breast. A 32-calibre revolver

was lying near.

It seemed as though the young woman had knelt down on the wet earth to pray, and had then shot herself through the heart. She had fallen forward upon her face. Her clothing near the wound was singed with burned powder.

A policeman came in after a while to arrest

Montgomery, who was found apparently sound asleep in bed. Montgomery was grief-stricken at the news of the young woman's death.

Deputy Coroner Scholer called later in the morning and removed the body to the station-house. He was of the opinion that it was a case of suicide.

Montgomery was for five years an actor in Mrs. D. P. Bowers's company. He said that he had intended to marry the woman soon.

SUICIDE OF EDWARD H. PETERS. A Worth Street Shirt Manufacturer Shoo

Himself While Delirious With Drink. Edward H. Peters, thirty-five years of age, committed suicide last night at his residence 26 East Twenty-second street, by sending 32-calibre bullet into his brain.

It was 11 o'clock when he did it, and the

shot was heard by Policeman James Boyle, of the West Thirtieth street police station, who traced the sound to a finely appointed stone-front house, and in a luxuriantly furnished bedroom on the upper floor found Mr. Peters lying dead on the velvet carpet surrounded by members of his family. The members of Mr. Peters's family were

The members of Mr. Peters's family were very reluctant, and expressed a strong desire to have the facts of the suicide suppressed. Deputy Coroner Jenkins was sent for. He gave a permit for burial.

The only reason the family assigned for the deed was that Mr. Peters had been drinking rather freely of late. Last night he returned home about 11 o'clock drunk and boisterous, and all efforts on the part of his family and friends to calm him were unavailing.

He became almost delirious, it is asserted, and was not responsible for his actions. Before his family could prevent him he drew his revolver and shot himself dead.

Mr. Peters was a shirt manufacturer at No.

Mr. Peters was a shirt manufacturer at No. 54 Worth street. A suggestion of financial embarrassment being the motive of the suicide was indignantly denied by his family.

CHARGED WITH INFANTICIDE.

A German Girl Caught Disposing of Hea Child's Body and Arrested. Sarah Hick, a German girl, only ninetoen rears old, was arrested this morning by Policeman Wieser, of the Delancey street Policeman Wieser, or the Donaldse squad, charged with murdering her babe, squad, charged with murdering her babe, 18 No. 28

Expressman Baum, who lives at No. 93 Ridge street, saw her throw the body into a vault and followed her, with Martin Heckner, of No. 29 Cannon street, and Louis Arenberg, of No. 37 Pitts street, until they met a police-Sarah denied that she killed the child, and said it was still born. She said she lived at 22 Ridge street, and worked at Union Hill, N. J.

She will be held pending an investigation. Aubertin Seized With a Fit of Maduess

PARIS, Dec. 17.—The strange behavior displayed by Aubertin, the would-be assassin of M. Ferry, in the course of his examination by the magistrate, culminated yesterday in a fit of madness. He will be sent to a lunatio asylum to-day.

Prob Predicts Wind and Rain.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17. Indications for the 94 hours commencing at P. M. to-day: For Connecticut and



rain on the coast, light to fresh winds, becoming northeasterty, increasing in force on the coast and shifting to northeesterty

Eastern New York, Oreatening weather, Foitowed by snow, partly as